

## Cam'ron "More Gangsta Music"

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Gangsta Music part 2

Dip Set, Killa, Heatmakerz, Juelz Santana

Come on, man, let's do it

Can I get a, yeah, yeah, everywhere

Up, down, left, right

Shorty's movin' again, shorty's loose with the pen

Shorty do with the wind

They say I walk around like I got a S on my chest

Tech on my left, gangstaz with me ready to step

I like a chick with big breasts on her chest

Not flat lookin' like somebody stepped on her chest

What, shit, fuck, bitch

You so crazy

My niggaz spit the glock, oh, so slow, whoa

Rude boi lick a shot

Never seen up in a pot, oh, so much coke

Cook it to a bigga rock

And I be with dem gangstaz, I creep with the gangstaz

Crack a dutch or Philly and chief chief with the

gangstaz

I stay with a lady, she stay with a lady

They makin' me crazy

And I spray 'em with babies, in they face till they hate

me

And I'm makin' 'em crazy

And they like when I do it, they like when I move it

They like when I work it, they like when I hurt it

I stay icy on purpose, like icy preservers

More than likely I'm the nicest you hearda

I'm movin', movin', movin'

He's movin', movin', movin'

We movin', movin', movin'

Stop movin', shot bruise 'em

Two more for Cam for takin' over the Roc

It's my year so  
It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here  
Like Kurt Cobain's was here

Still listen to gangsta music, how dem gangstaz do it  
Shorty came to do it  
I bang with the five, I see hate in ya eyes  
You waitin' to die

I pray for you guys, hate to keep wastin' ya lives  
Love to keep bakin' new pies, strapin' the scrapes off  
the side  
You can love it, you can hate it  
You can want it

I'm Babe Ruth in this game, beige coupe in the lane  
State Troopers they came, damn he's movin' again  
I'm a better child, you's a pedophile

I go dough let around, my hoe slow head around  
They DTP's, deep throat professionals  
My D.I.P.'s, we so professional  
Got weed, coke, and ecstasy  
Lean, dope, and wet to sale

We blow jars of the dank like Bob Marley was wake  
Real shocked ya, fuck ya foreigners stay  
I'm movin', movin', movin'  
Y'all losin', losin', losin'

I'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'em

Two more for Cam for takin' over the Roc  
It's my year so  
It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here  
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I'm on the south side of Chicago lookin' for a real hoe  
I dont see a touchdown, arms up field goal  
Got some ill gold, diamonds that's still low  
Lil' dick, you a dick head, not dildo

I chill though, pippin' in the Range  
All this icin' I'm ashamed, look like lightnin' in the chain  
Who was first that moved with they fam  
Ask you, tattoos on they hand

Slang all the white, cruise with the tan

Pink on they back, blue in they van  
Yellow on his ear, steam on the rock  
Purple in the air, green in his pocket

I ain't dissin' you dog, I'm dismissin' you  
Get the R. Kelly tape and see how we piss on you  
That's Kool-Aid, Mountain Dew, and Cris on you  
Ya family will be missin' you, there's a kiss for you

I'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'em

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